THE MENTOR

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AMERICAN SEA PAINTERS

WINSLOW HOMER

ALEXANDER HARRISON

CHARLES H. WOODBURY

PAUL DOUGHERTY

FREDERICK J. WAUGH

EMIL CARLSEN

By ARTHUR HOEBER

THE painting of deep sea pictures, of the ocean in great activity, is an essentially modern accomplishment, and may be said to date no further back than the time of the distinguished English artist Turner; while, curiously enough, it is perhaps the Americans who have carried it to its greatest possibilities. A German, Andreas Achenbach, somewhere in the late '30's or early '40's, broke away from conventions, and was said to have so painted the water that it seemed a really fluent, agitated element, where waves did not appear as if they were made of lead, and foam and froth like white wadding. There were a few later Englishmen, with the moderns Wyllie, Olsson, and Hemy, occasionally a Frenchman, Courbet being the shining example; but one must turn to this land to see really remarkable achievements along modern methods in the searching after action, profundity, the forms, and the onrushing power of ocean. It was but natural that a native of the sea-girt island should have found himself irresistibly drawn to depicting the wonders of the waters, those bulwarks of Great Britain's safety and prowess. Right well, too, did Turner represent the awfulness, the sub-

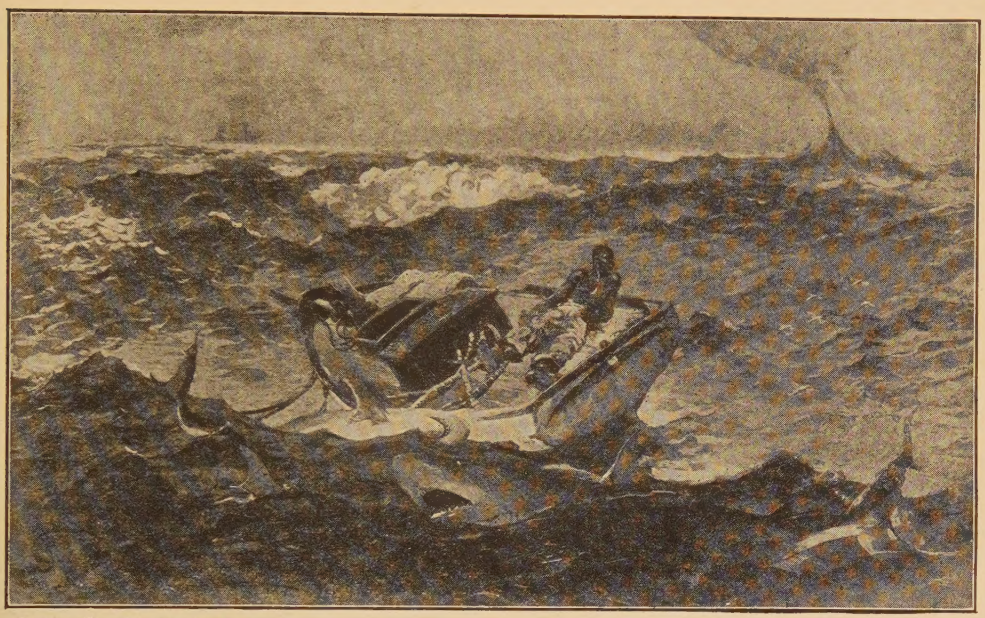
limity, and the force of the sea; though it was rather in her ability to reflect the brilliance of the heavens, to bear on her bosom craft of strange and poetic forms, that the ocean most appealed to him. Recalling his famous "Slave Ship," which excited so much discussion in its day, for it was broad and impressionistic,—though it seems sane and lovely enough now,—one can realize how Turner made his ocean an excuse for glorious tints, for sun-stricken mists, golden vapors, and all of his brilliant imaginings.

WINSLOW HOMER

The first of the genuinely artistic Americans to paint deep water was Winslow Homer, in the beginning as a background for his figure pieces, notably in his "The Life Line," "The Lookout: All's Well," and "Kissing the Moon." In these we saw the sublimity, the force, the heaviness, of the sea; but later Homer left his figures entirely out of his compositions, and with massive rock and oncoming wave was content thus to portray nature. His "Gulf Stream," now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, it is true did include a boat with a negro sailor; but even in this it was the open sea and its many happenings that interested him, with rolling waves, with a waterspout, and indications of the finny monsters of the mighty deep. How well this painter knew his ocean this picture will show, and it must be understood that there is no end of drawing and construction necessary to make water appear real. No successful marine painting is the result of happy accident: it means a long and serious investigation into the science of wave thrust, of light and reflection, of heaving bodies coming against other heaving bodies, until the phenomena are carefully digested and understood. Homer painted very directly and simply in excellent color, in a manner quite his own, reminiscent of no school or group of other men. One is conscious of no particular facility on his part, of no special trick that serves so many artists; but rather a dogged, straightforward perseverance until he achieved that which he set out to accomplish.

From "Winslow Homer and his Works" by W. H. Downes

WINSLOW HOMER



Metropolitan Museum of Art

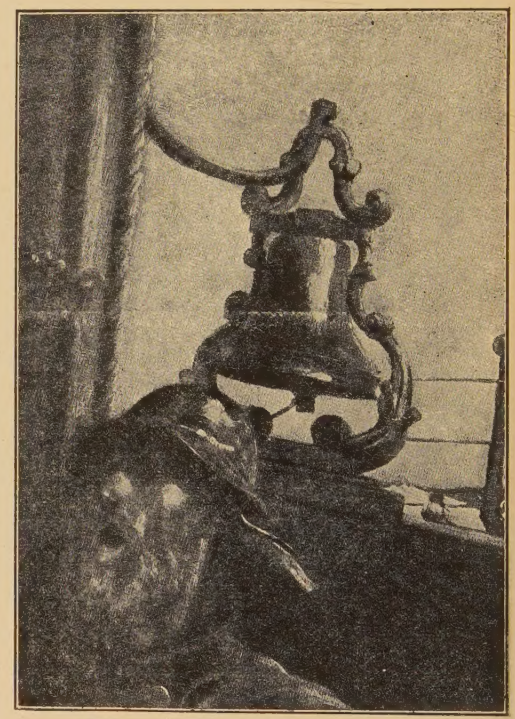
THE GULF STREAM, BY WINSLOW HOMER

Winslow Homer was unusually happy in catching particular and fleeting effects of light on the water, moonlight especially seeming to appeal to him. Some of his canvases appear almost supernaturally lit, so brilliant are the lighter tones. There is, for instance, a painting in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, in Washington, called "A Light on the Sea," which is really quite remarkable, the artist seeming to have secured the impossible with the use of his pigments. A fisherwoman stands on the rocks against sea and sky. The ocean is a simple, almost unbroken tone of effulgence, but of so dazzling a quality as to suggest artificial lighting. Again, Homer would invest his canvases with a sense of the awfulness of the ocean and its rugged strength, a sort of elemental quality most impressive. He gave it a relentlessness almost appalling, explanatory of the serious faces of the masters of vessels who know their responsibilities in taking craft from port to port.

ALEXANDER HARRISON

It was in the middle '80's that Alexander Harrison startled all Paris with an enormous marine picture which he sent to the Salon with the title "The Wave." The French had seen nothing like it before. Harrison had caught, as had no one before him, apparently, the trans-

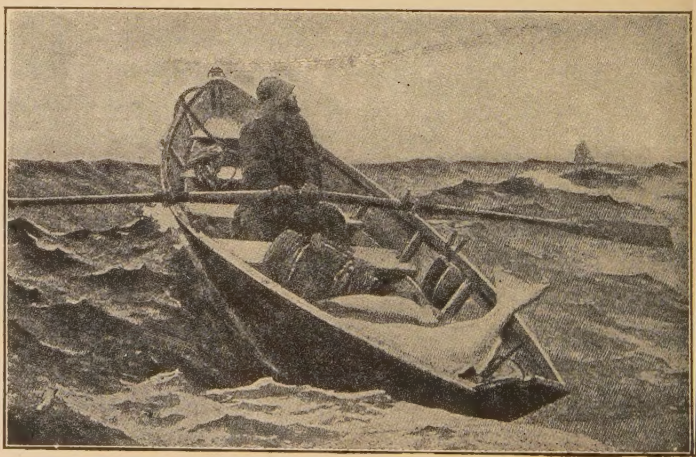
parency, the brilliance, the changing light, and the flow and ebb of the water. It was a wonderful accomplishment, all the more remarkable when one remembers the instability of the effect, the constant movement, the myriad forms, one dependent on the other, reflected light, surfaces now here, now there, never for a moment in repose. The canvas was the result of long and faithful study of ocean day by day, evening after evening of serious contemplation, scientific study of every detail. And, too, he had made innumerable sketches of effect after effect, of wave after wave, roller after roller, until finally there was some sort of grasp of the theme. With the most delicate appreciation of color, serving himself with broken tints, painting in pure pigment, Harrison gave to his pictures an opal quality not before attempted. He had spent a long apprenticeship at his art as painter of landscape and the figure, and he had achieved considerable success; but it was with these sea pieces that there came his greatest triumph. He may be said to have founded a school of marine art, and he had many followers.



THE LOOKOUT (ALL'S WELL)
BY WINSLOW HOMER

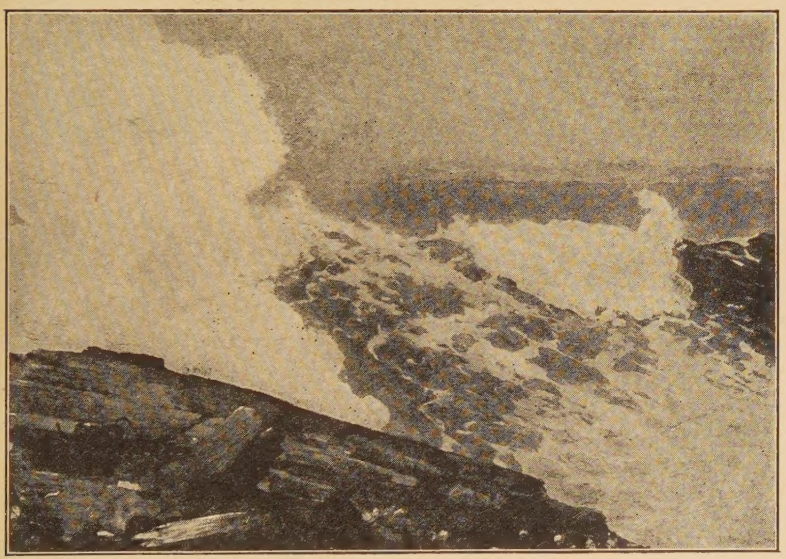
ORIGINALITY OF HARRISON

It is interesting to note, however, that he



FOG WARNING, BY WINSLOW HOMER

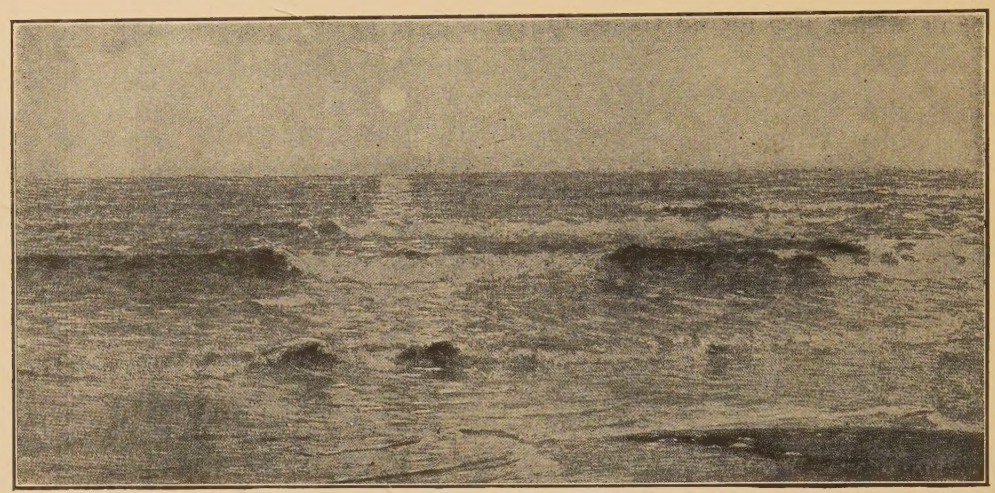
was entirely original. Just as Turner was in a class by himself, so Harrison seemed to have drawn on no one for inspiration. This "Wave" picture, which is owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, was something no one had attempted in just this way before; the more strange since it was no unusual happening, and in its color variety offered the most alluring possibilities. The movement of the mass of dark green water, the combing over of the breaking wave, the back rush, the eddying foam, all catching reflections, having infinite variety, combined to produce a color harmony and a sense of the water most appealing. Artists have painted many such views since; but Harrison was the first, and no one has quite equaled him.



Metropolitan Museum of Art

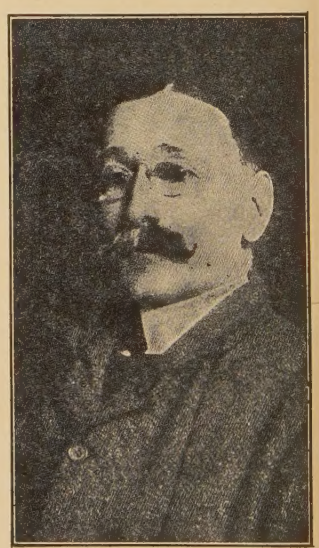
NORTHEASTER, BY WINSLOW HOMER

There was yet another phase of ocean the painter had not essayed, and that was a representation of it in its loneliest part,—mid-ocean, in other words,—and this aspect, with this title, "Mid-Ocean," Charles H. Woodbury gave out some ten years ago as the result of a voyage from Europe. The artist caught the mystery of the boundless deep, and when the picture was first shown at one of the exhibitions of the National Academy it created a profound impression. It was the ocean seen from the stern of a steamer, with the wake boiling in a mass of white foam, running all over the surface of the water, with oncoming wave surging up, with the deep, solid quality of salt water, and the thousand little marine happenings in the shape of reflected lights. Over all, save a patch on the right, was a tranquil sky. The upper right hand corner of the canvas showed a bit of angry cloud. The picture was solemn, giving one much of the



LA CREPUSCULE, BY ALEXANDER HARRISON

feeling that comes from a contemplation of ocean, as one's utter helplessness is realized. Mr. Woodbury, too, had brought a scientific training to his task. He had also studied the sea long and faithfully, as thousands of sketches in his studio testify; and in Maine he had lived long, through all seasons of the year, at the very brink of the ocean. In fair weather and foul, in winter and summer, he noted the changes with pencil and brush, and again the work was the result of no mere accident. So many things go to the making of a marine picture and its thorough understanding! There is the wave, for instance, which is a vertical thrust, if one may so express it; then comes along the wind, which modifies it, pushing its side off perhaps, and yet another wave gives it more impetus, and, when these details have been begun to be considered, comes still another wave, and all the first is churned into foam. But each wave is the result of direct reason, must show the result of law and order, for the sea responds to wind, propulsion, force, and other waves, a veritable tangle of facts; but facts, nevertheless, which the painter must analyze if he is to be successful. Further, it must be recalled that these ocean effects are but momentary. The landscape, though the light may change, does as a matter of fact remain reasonably



From "Who's Who in Art"
ALEXANDER HARRISON

the same, and thus offers some chance for investigation; but the sea, capricious as a beautiful woman, is never twice the same, and never the same for any length of time.

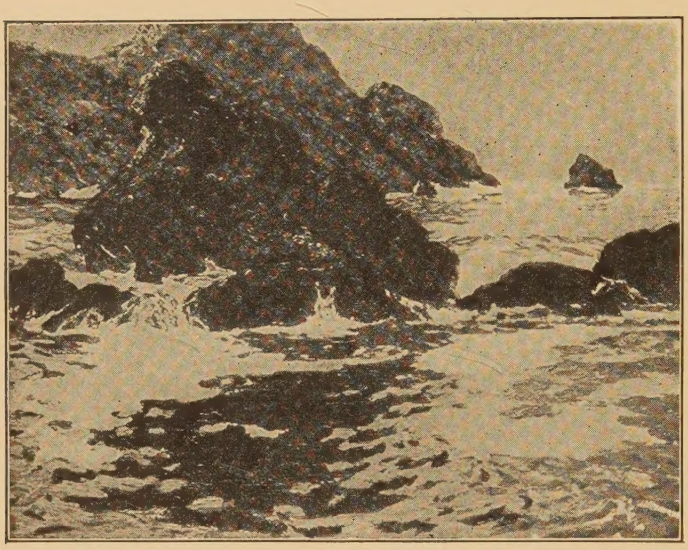
PAUL DOUGHERTY

With the first exhibition of the work of Paul Dougherty came still another and entirely personal way of looking at the ocean. As Mr. Woodbury was an engineer with a scientific training before he came to be a painter, so Mr. Dougherty had won his degree of M. E., and brought a well balanced mind to bear on artistic problems. One of his early successes was "Land and Sea"; but the sea was the impressive part of the composition. Against a great headland the surging sea beats relentlessly, continuously, with irresistible force, and in the distance wave after wave comes following in, to continue the fierce attack. It was such a headland as one finds on the islands off the Maine coast, with serried rocks that show the force of the elements. Again a familiar happening had received a new treatment, a man's personality pervaded, his deep observation, his technical skill and long study, had given him the prowess to tell his story convincingly. In Mr. Dougherty's "The Black Squall" there was still another note, always the sea, but always, too, some glimpse of the land upon which the ocean was pounding. Here were the angry skies, breakers piling against the rocky shore, great mass of foam and spume in the foreground; while overhead, the angry heavens. One could fairly feel the rugged spirit of the scene, sense the stiff breeze, and smell the salt air.

CHARLES H. WOODBURY

FREDERICK J. WAUGH

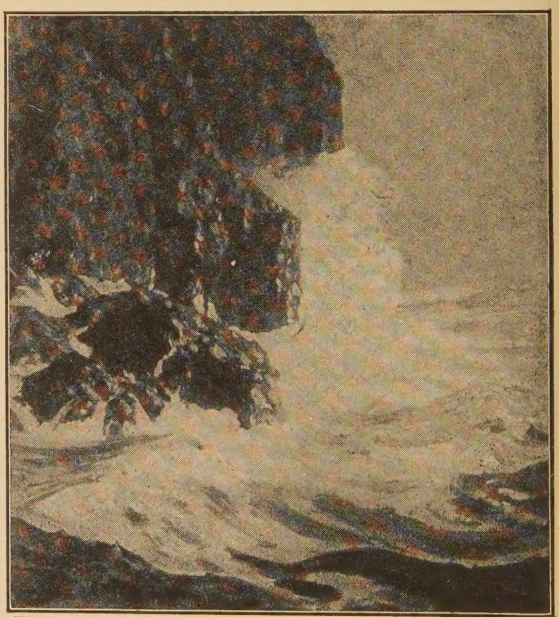
When Frederick J. Waugh appeared on the scene we were made aware that the last word had by no means been said. Still another personality was to enter into the portrayal of the ocean, and more of her wondrous phases were to be chronicled. A picture called "The Roaring Main" was unique of its kind, and represented greater ocean activity than any of the men had yet attempted; for Mr. Waugh stopped at no dramatic, even tragic, happening. Here, indeed, was a violent



The Macbeth Gallery

ROCK CHANNELS, BY PAUL DOUGHERTY

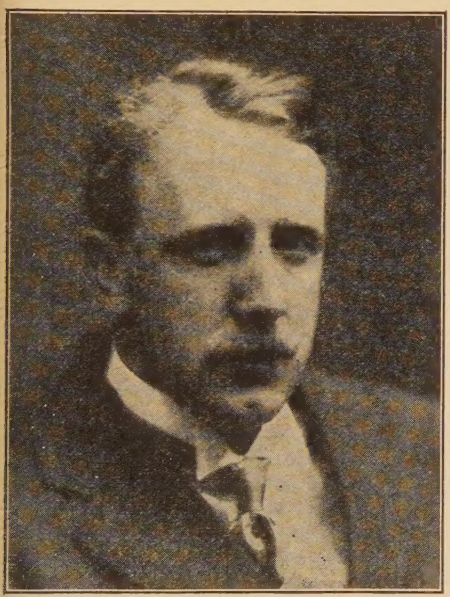
scene, well carried out, portrayed with astonishing fidelity and realism, where water dashed over rocks, lashed itself into fine fury, made vigorous onslaught, receded, churned itself into white foam, trickled down the granite bulwarks of the land, or was caught by the winds and thrown off into fine spray. One apparently saw a thousand maritime events in a single canvas, and they were all convincing, recorded not alone with scientific accuracy, but impressing the spectator much as such a scene itself would affect the onlooker. Into this Mr. Waugh had worked a handsome composition pattern, had secured wonderful color, not alone in the deep blue greens, but in the opal quality of the lights, and he had caught over all something of the brilliance of the sunlight. Once more it was a new rendering of the familiar, in which again the personality of the painter dominated and empowered him to reach the spectator. Perhaps Mr. Waugh's greatest achievement is his "The Roaring Forties," in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, where the fury of the deep sea,—"green water," as the mariners



The Macbeth Gallery

AT THE BASE OF THE CLIFFS, BY PAUL DOUGHERTY

call it,—far, far from land, was depicted with astonishing realism, where waves roll relentlessly on, and where there was indeed a "waste of waters." We recall no one to have painted just this scene before, and this canvas also created a profound sensation when it was first exhibited. Mr. Waugh, too, knows his ocean, and has studied it patiently and long. His sketches rarely find their way to the public exhibitions, because he holds them as working data for his more completed canvases; but they disclose infinite pains, serious contemplation, many experiments, and research of a most artistic kind.

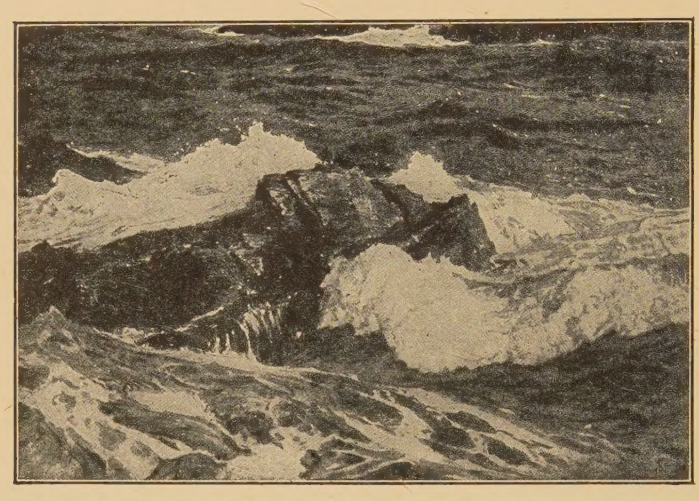


The Macbeth Gallery

PAUL DOUGHERTY

EMIL CARLSEN

The last of the sextet of men so thoroughly identified with the annals of sea painting is Emil Carlsen. He is not the youngest of the group, nor is he a native born, having first seen the light of day at Copenhagen, in Denmark. Yet he has been a citizen of this country for over two score years, he is thoroughly American in every respect, and he developed his talents among us. I have saved him for the last because he is perhaps not only the most original of the six, but he brings to his art a poetical charm and a personal color note both unusual and delightful. Identified with still life for several years, from that going into landscape painting, Mr. Carlsen finally came to a serious consideration of marine pictures, and almost at a single bound leaped into merited fame. He confined himself to no particular mood of the ocean either, rendering surf, deep water, tranquil sea lapping the shore, but always in a manner entirely his own, and some of his moonlight effects were so novel, so delicate, and of such evanescent tonality as to be almost past belief. And to accomplish all this he invented a technic quite original, with a method of using his pigments that defied analysis. Occasionally he might have been charged with seeing that light that never was on land or sea, of insisting on a pale quality that defied what the painters call values; but in the end the refinement and the beauty were the excuse for any deviations he may have made from nature.



EAST COAST OF BAILEY ISLAND, BY FREDERICK J. WAUGH

CARLSEN'S POETIC ART

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art there hangs his large canvas, "Surf," a work of dominating blue, a color that Mr. Carlsen has made quite his own by his loving treatment of it. Some rocks are in the left-hand corner, over which the sea tumbles, breaks, sends up its spray, and subsides as it comes nearer land. The sky is a marvel of tenderness and lightness, the sense of pigment being quite absent. Strange blue greens manifest themselves in the ocean, with touches of pink and iridescent tints, until the whole work seems bathed in a dream of color. Another admirable work is his "Open Sea," showing the heave of mid-ocean, with its poetry rather than its awfulness, and always there is the searching after beautiful tones and their successful grasp. His last work, one of the extraordinary canvases of modern times, is called "O Ye of Little Faith," wherein he has painted a moonlight, but a moonlight of such dazzling paleness and brilliance, of such wonderful sky effect and alluring beauty, as to hold the spectator enamoured. In the midst of this rather calm water, catching the most striking part of the light, walking on its surface, is the Savior. The artist has resisted all temptation to become oversentimental with this figure, and has painted the Redeemer with a simplicity and a

THE RESTLESS SEA, BY FREDERICK J. WAUGH

FREDERICK J. WAUGH

seriousness worthy the immortal theme. It is a fitting culmination to an honorable life of artistic endeavor, upon which he may well rest his reputation.

It is interesting to note that of the six painters referred to in this story of those who have achieved distinction in rendering ocean, each has gone his own way quite uninfluenced by tradition, and all have worked independently of each other, not only in a technical way, but as to the general schemes of the pictures, for the sea has told its story to each in its own particular manner. It has made in every case a personal appeal in its moods, as well as in its varying aspects. From the sublimity of Homer, the poetry of Harrison, the exquisite tenderness of Carlsen, the loneliness of Woodbury, the relentless surge in the canvases by Waugh, and the rugged quality of Dougherty, always there is individuality, always the new aspect, invariably the mystery that holds men impressed. And the truth of ocean's eternal changefulness is again evident. The varying tones, the incessant movement, the resistless energy, the overwhelming power, come as revelations to him who goes to the sea humbly as a student, to depict her on canvas. His first impression is one of hopeless impossibility. It is a peculiar equipment that enables the artistically endowed man to record convincingly the quality of water. The facts are so elusive, the action so sudden, so unexpected. It must be, after preliminary study, almost a matter of intuition. One feels like quoting Stevenson, in his letter to the young gentleman about to take up the career of art, when he says: "To those exquisite refinements of proficiency and finish, which the artist so ardently desires and so keenly feels, for which (in the vigorous words of Balzac) he must toil like a miner buried in a landslip, for which, day after day, he recasts and revises and rejects—the gross mass of the public must be ever blind."

EMIL CARLSEN

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

The Life and Works of Winslow Homer — *William Howe Downes*

The History of Modern Painting — *Richard Murther*

The History of American Painting — *Charles H. Caffin*

A Text Book of the History of Painting — *John C. Van Dyke*

History of American Painting — *Samuel Isham*

MAGAZINE ARTICLES

Charles H. Woodbury — *Arthur Hoeber*
(*The International Studio, February*, 1911)

Winslow Homer — *Arthur Hoeber*
(*The World's Work, February*, 1911)

WINSLOW HOMER, one of the most original of the American painters of the sea, was also a striking character, a genius in his way. Even though he had a great success during his life, his pictures today have increased enormously in value. He was born in Boston in 1836, and, disclosing a strong artistic bent, was apprenticed to a lithographer at an early age. When he was twenty-four he went to New York and entered the schools of the National Academy of Design. He did not work long there, however; for he had a living to make, and when the Civil War broke out he went to the front as a correspondent for *Harper's Weekly*. Though he sent back much matter, he also filled his sketch books with material for subsequent drawings, and one of these, "Prisoners from the Front," created a sensation when it was shown at the Academy exhibition. It represented a lot of Confederate prisoners, old men and young boys, clad in rags. It was a pathetic incident.

At first Homer's success was scant. He went abroad, spending some time on the Cornish coast, where he was attracted by the sea, painting the fisher people with the ocean as a background. On his return to New York he took a studio; though he spent sometime in the Adirondacks every summer fishing and hunting, for he was a great lover of sport. Always, however, he made water color sketches of these scenes in his odd moments; but he found difficulty in selling them. Finally, in despair, he took a portfolio of them to the shop of Richards, a dealer on Fifth Avenue, and offered them to him for a song. So greatly impressed was the merchant that he declined to take them at such absurd prices; but on the contrary, having the greatest confidence in their ultimate selling quality, begged Homer to consider him as his banker and to draw on him at will. It was an arrangement mutually satisfactory and profitable, and continued until Richards retired from active business.

Homer's only trouble after this was to keep up with the demand; for he was a bachelor, his wants were few and simple, and he would not paint for gain, working only at the things which interested him. He had a studio at Prouts Neck, in Maine, where he lived most of the year and was very friendly with the natives, but most suspicious of city folk who came to inspect his studio. These, it may be added, never got farther than the front porch. If they proclaimed themselves would-be purchasers, he curtly referred them to his dealers. Even his brother artists he declined to see, save with rare exceptions.

No matter what he was doing, when a storm came up he would rush in for his oilskins and go out to make sketches of dramatic sky and turbulent waters. There he was in his element. No painter has given the water more of the sense of power and profundity, or has studied the sea with greater understanding. His death in 1910 was a great loss to American art.

PREPARED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION
ILLUSTRATION FOR THE MENTOR, VOL. 1, No. 21, SERIAL No. 21

WHEN Paul Dougherty was old enough to choose a profession, he unhesitatingly expressed the desire to become a painter. But he thought he ought to have a good, solid foundation in an educational way, so he went to the Brooklyn Polytechnic, where he graduated at the early age of nineteen. He came of an intellectual family, his father being one of the distinguished members of the Brooklyn bar, and his brother, Walter Hampton, an actor of international repute. Because his father wanted him to follow in his footsteps, Paul read law and took his degree of LL. B. at the New York Law School, becoming a member of the bar. Having done all this, in 1898 he went abroad to see the art galleries of Europe, and immediately began to work at painting.

He studied alone, traveling extensively for five years, returning home, and then opened a studio in New York. Before he was thirty years old he was made a National Academician, and his pictures were instantly successful. One has to go back to Sir Thomas Lawrence, the great English artist, to find success at an equally early age.

Although he began as a landscape painter, Dougherty soon turned his attention to marines, and by these he is better known. By these too he is represented in the various galleries at Pittsburgh, Washington, the Metropolitan Museum of Art (New York), the Brooklyn Museum of Arts and Sciences, and elsewhere. He has won many medals, both at home and abroad. The coast of Maine has furnished him with material, particularly the Island of Monhegan, just off Boothbay Harbor, where many of his most important pictures have been painted. He has also worked along the Cornish coast in England, at the painters' colony at Saint Ives, and is a member of many art organizations, as well as of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

Tall and broad shouldered, Dougherty has enormous physical activity and energy, and is a constant worker. In New York he occupies a large studio apartment in one of the cooperative buildings, where he has a wealth of artistic things he has picked up all over the world. He is a constant attendant at the many musical happenings that take place in the metropolis. His wife is a talented performer. His studio is a gathering place for musicians on Sunday afternoons. There throughout the winter may be found many persons well known in the musical and artistic world. At the first sign of spring, however, Dougherty is off for the sea, not to return until driven in by the winter's cold, and he always comes back with a mass of material for subsequent pictures.

PREPARED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION
ILLUSTRATION FOR THE MENTOR, VOL. 1, No. 21, SERIAL No. 21

FREDERICK J. WAUGH comes of a well known artistic family. His father was a portrait painter, his mother a painter of miniatures, and his sister, Ida Waugh, also an artist. He was born at Bordentown, New Jersey, the scene of some of the earliest manifestations of Colonial art. He was educated in the schools of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, and at the Académie Julien, Paris. After leaving the French schools Waugh settled down in England, where he became an illustrator for the London *Graphic* and other English weeklies, serving a long apprenticeship at picture making. During all his illustrative work he found time to make oil paintings of landscape scenes, and finally turned his attention to marine themes. These he has made his great successes. Finally he gave all his time to painting, and, returning to America, settled in Montclair, New Jersey.

Almost immediately Waugh took a prominent place as a painter of the ocean, spending considerable of the summer on the coast of Maine. His pictures have found their way to many museums at home and abroad. At the Metropolitan Museum of Art he is represented with "The Roaring Forties," an enormous canvas of mid-ocean, while in the National Gallery, Washington, and the Brooklyn Museum of Arts and Sciences he has work of almost equal significance. In England he is represented in the galleries at Liverpool and Bristol, and also in the Museum of Natal, South Africa.

Painting the ocean in great activity, with a sense of enormous power and movement, Waugh obtains a highly dramatic, not to say tragic, quality which few men secure. With much mechanical skill and inventiveness, he finds time in his odd moments to fashion various things with tools, and to give no little attention to the playing of musical instruments, making some of them himself. He has also made a study of small arms, and has a notable collection of those of various epochs and styles. Indeed, he is an authority on the subject.

Although Waugh's recognition has come largely through his marine pictures, he is a competent painter of the figure and landscape, as well as a decorative artist of no small ability. The Philadelphia Art Club has one of his important landscapes in its permanent collection. Two years ago his painting of "The Holy Grail" was one of the successes of the National Academy exhibition; while in 1910 his picture called "Bucaneers" obtained the Thomas B. Clarke prize. It represents a ship at sea, her decks crowded with fighters in quaint costumes, slashing and cutting with swords, or firing pistols, faithful in customs and costumes, full of the liveliest action, seriously composed, and well carried out.

PREPARED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION
ILLUSTRATION FOR THE MENTOR, VOL. 1, No. 21, SERIAL No. 21

AMERICAN SEA PAINTERS *Charles Herbert Woodbury*

FOUR

IT is a curious fact that many of the most distinguished of American painters were originally educated as engineers. Charles H. Woodbury was one of these. He graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1886, receiving the degree of mechanical engineer. But he always had the art instinct, and meant sooner or later to take up that profession. Even when he was taking the difficult course at the institute he managed to paint a great deal, and obtained in his junior year a medal from the Boston Arts Club—no small accomplishment. After his graduation he went to Paris and entered the Julien Academy, and he has been receiving medals ever since he came home.

Few men have studied the sea as has Woodbury. He has a house and a studio on the Maine coast at Ogunquit, a workshop where he can paint the sea directly out of his window. There he lives the year round, and he works like a hired man every day and all day, no matter what the weather, or how high the wind.

Woodbury was one of the first men to paint the open ocean, making many trips over the Atlantic for this purpose. He used to stay on deck, with his canvas, and himself also for that matter, lashed to the rigging, that he might catch storm effects. His most important work, a great canvas called "Mid-Ocean," created a sensation when it was first shown, and he followed it with many more.

Woodbury married a prominent painter, Miss Marcia Oakes. Together they spent much time in Holland, where she painted the figures while he did the shore and the canals. Up in Maine where he lives the natives all know him, and have a profound respect for a man who can go out in the rain and sit for hours on the bleak rocks painting pictures.

One of the most successful teachers in this country, Woodbury has often as many as sixty pupils in his class during the summer at Ogunquit. There, twice a week, he gives criticisms and talks which are famous the country over. He has won many medals both here and abroad, and his pictures are in many famous museums.

PREPARED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION
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THE WAVE
By
ALEXANDER
HARRISON
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Pennsylvania Academy
of Fine Arts

ALEXANDER HARRISON has lived so continuously in France that one is apt to forget he is a very good American. Yet he was born in Philadelphia, in 1853, of good American stock, one of three artistic brothers, the youngest of whom died years ago. The other, Birge, is an able landscape and figure painter, who not infrequently paints the sea as well. Alexander, as a very young man, was a member of the United States Coast Survey, working along the Pacific shores, when the art career first appealed to him, and he threw up his commission to enter the schools of San Francisco. From there he went to Paris and entered the studio of J. L. Gérôme, in the École des Beaux Arts. But he spent most of his time studying nature. He painted landscapes and figures. And with the latter he had a big success, his picture, "En Arcadie," being afterward bought by the French government for the Musée of the Luxembourg.

His recognition was almost instantaneous. Honors were heaped upon him, among them being the ribbon of the Legion of Honor (he has the Grand Cross of the order now), together with membership in many European academies and art societies in Munich, Berlin, London, and elsewhere. He was also awarded gold medals abroad and at home, and his sea pictures may be said to have changed the method of modern sea painting.

An intimacy with Jules Bastien-Lepage, the French painter, had some influence on his style, and he traveled extensively throughout the Continent studying the various galleries. A tall, distinguished looking man, with a large amount of energy and enthusiasm, he worked continuously out of doors with great success, and later had a large class of students, with a host of followers, not to say imitators.

Harrison was one of the first of the modern men in the early '80's to get the real feeling of diffused light out of doors. At that time he was considered almost a dangerous innovator; though we accept the manner readily enough nowadays. Yet at that time he was a leader, and his pictures made spots in the exhibitions, causing others by their sides to appear dull and uninspired. He was particularly good in renderingt he effects of early moonrise over the water. His painting of surf came as a revelation to eyes accustomed to the old-fashioned manner of presenting it.

Never a clever workman, he obtained that which he sought by the hardest kind of labor and application, and he worked a picture over and over until the result was satisfactory. Much of his painting has been done along the coast of Brittany.

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EMIL CARLSEN won recognition first as a painter of still life. He was born in Copenhagen, Denmark; but he came over to America when he was a very young man, settling first in Boston. He afterward went to the Pacific Coast, where he taught art and had a large number of pupils.

His early struggles were severe indeed, and he was put to it to make both ends meet. In those old days he used to take a dead chicken and keep painting it till the other occupants of the building protested at the gamy odors that came from his studio. Fish also from time to time made it awkward for his fellow workers, on account of their long stay in his workshop; but those were days when to buy a goose or a shad was a serious consideration with Carlsen.

Curiously enough, the man always had a singularly original color point of view, seeing it in a manner quite different from his fellows. Indeed, no other worker in this country possesses so individual an outlook on the world of color. He has as well a method of painting quite his own, of handling his pigment, of blending the tones and obtaining sparkle and vibrancy.

Few painters keep up their interest to such a high pitch. Carlsen is today as enthusiastic as a beginner. Among the members of the Salmagundi Club of New York, that intimate artistic organization, Carlsen is most popular, and they have given him many of the best prizes the organization has to offer. He has also won many medals and honors elsewhere. One season the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, awarded him one of its important prizes, and purchased his painting for its permanent collection.

He is a member of the National Academy of Design, of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and of the famous St. Botolph Club of Boston, as well as the even more famous Bohemian Club of San Francisco. He is an untiring worker, never happy away from his easel. One of his important canvases at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, "Surf," shows him to be a rare poetical and lyrical painter of the sea. "Carlsen's color," said one of the prominent New York painters,—"well, Carlsen's color is good enough to eat," which gives one an idea of its appetizing quality.

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